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# LIMINAL SPACE

A Thesis  
Presented in partial fulfillment of requirements  
for the degree of Master of Fine Arts  
in the Department of Art  
The University of Mississippi

by

Sara Beth Truman

May 2012



## ABSTRACT

*Liminal Space* is an installation that records time between my son's removal from my life and present day. These pieces are the manifestation of hope and loss; they tell the story of my experience of motherhood. They track time through the repetition of form and have become a physical expression of the days that have elapsed in my life since I last saw my son. Liminal space is defined as the space in-between a boundary or a threshold. In this work, I pose the questions: Can liminal space be crossed? How large can this space become? In anthropology, liminality is often considered a rite of passage or a middle ground between two events. I am infinitely stuck in a state of liminality because of my son's absence in my life; I cannot cross the threshold to see him.

I am investigating time through multiple slip castings in clay. The repetition and use of clay as a material allows me to physically mark my memory in space. I am using children's toy trains as a symbol for this memory in order to provide a direct connection between childhood and adulthood, child and parent, as well as the past and the present. The use of clay is rooted in my background as a potter. I came into graduate school expecting and anticipating to be exploring pottery, however, as I progressed through the program, I found that using pots as vehicle for my evolving narrative was not working. The experiences of loss in my life became so overwhelming that I needed a therapeutic way to digest them. At first, making tiny plates that I could throw quickly and repetitively became a release for me. After processing those forms as wall pieces, I felt the need for the object itself to become the vehicle. This change led me to installation, which has opened up a more direct avenue for expressing my ideas.

Ultimately, these choices have produced this thesis as the most honest and paired down version of itself. It is a materialization of the liminal space that continues to expand in my life.

## DEDICATION

This work is dedicated to my son, Thomas Xavier Lillard. Thank you for coming into my life and forever changing the way I see the world.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

First I need to thank my parents, Iva and Larry Truman, for inspiring me to find my own path in life and teaching me to be proud of whom I am. Their support through this interesting journey is immeasurable. Second, I need to thank my undergraduate professors Yvonne Petkus and Kristina Arnold for their wonderful friendships. You have set the bar high leading by example and I am forever thankful to have both of you in my life. Thank you to Linda Arbuckle for your mentorship and support. My committee Matt Long, Lou Haney, and Katherine Rhodes Fields for being the best coaching and cheering squad I could have chosen. Without their dedication and extreme patience “Liminal Space” would not have been possible. Also thank you to Durant Thompson for answering hours upon hours of questions about mold making. Without his help my 735 trains would have remained an idea. I am thankful for all studio mates, especially Lee McCarty and Sarah Teasley-McCarty for your friendship and for adding spice to the carrot cake of life. Last, but not least, Naomi Mostkoff, for your support, friendship, and love, and for showing me that I can.

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## CHAPTER I

### INTRODUCTION

I have become an object maker. Children's toy trains, in particular the train that was most treasured by my child, have become a symbol for days in my life. The trains are a representation of the growing number of days since the last time I saw my son. The tracks are replicas of the train track his toy trains traveled; they represent the distance between my home and where he now lives. The way in which the trains and the train tracks are created is repetitive and ritualistic and lends itself to the properties of the material. I use clay as a medium to do what no other material can do: hold memory. Clay holds memory by showing its imperfections in the process. After firing, cracks and finger marks that were once removed will often resurface, becoming visible again. Clay's inability to hide its process inherently imbeds a history into it, an ability that is unrivaled by all other materials.

This ability to show the process of creating is crucial to my work because it is within the honesty of the material that I formed the idea of using toy trains for my thesis. In my previous work, I spent hours wrapping pots in decorative narration with coded imagery. When my narrative changed, I had a new story to tell and needed to express it in a different way. The significance of the functional object was no longer enough to satisfy my needs in expressing my new ideas. I chose slip casting because with this process I was able to make a mold of an object that was previously an everyday fixture in my periphery and reproduce it many times as a way to hold a figurative space in time. Making the train that bears the same name as my son—Thomas—and using it to hold his place in my life became the best way to express the loss I felt.

The obsessive and repetitive way in which the trains and train tracks are made do not allow me the time to go back and detail each one. The cyclical process of slip casting and the sheer number I needed to produce—735 to be exact—required me to methodically create. Undertaking the project of mass-producing this tiny object for my thesis allowed me to do just what I have had to do internally; keep moving.

I used a cast of an antique picture frame to adorn the walls. These picture frames provide a literal framing of the things I have missed in my son's life since I last saw him. The pieces forever hold space for the moments I have been unable to participate in or observe. Some of the frames show cracks, signs of stress and weak points in their creation. These cracks are again the physical properties of the clay lending itself to my idea; they are a metaphor for the way I picture my son's life.

The frames surround the room and are covered in a soft white glaze that creates a ghost-like image in the decorative border, as if the silhouetted figures are watching the room where they hang. The relief images in each frame portray an absence/presence in their visual dialogue with the viewer that suggests what is or isn't really there. By placing the track in the middle of these frames, I am literally framing the space in between my son and myself, giving a visual description of my thesis title *Liminal Space*.

## CHAPTER II

### TRAINS, TRACK, AND THE SPACE IN BETWEEN

While cleaning out my truck a few weeks after my son left, I found one of his toy trains behind the passenger seat, where his car seat once faced. He shoved it into the back pocket before getting out of my truck on the very last day I had him with me. I carried that little toy train around with me the entirety of my second year of graduate school. There was something comforting about having a small piece of him with me. With the forgotten train sitting in front of me, I started counting. I counted the days we had been apart and the miles that separated us. I counted the days until my show installation and my opening. I had pages full of numbers and calculations, but I didn't quite know what to do with them.

All cultures track their histories through art objects. The Egyptians painted stories of their civilization on the walls of their tombs so their kings would see the everyday in their after life. In *The Story of Art* by E. H. Gombrich, the author writes, "What mattered most was not prettiness but completeness. It was the artists' task to preserve everything as clearly and permanently as possible. So they did not set out to sketch nature as it appeared to them from any fortuitous angle. They drew from memory, according to strict rules which ensured that everything that had to go into the picture would stand out in perfect clarity" (36). This idea of working from memory to preserve what you have or had is what I must do because I no longer have a present with my son from which to observe. Instead, I am forced to work from my memories in order to create objects that preserve these memories for me. Gombrich goes on to

say, "...Egyptian art is not based on what the artist could see at a given moment, but rather on what he knew belonged to a person or scene. It was out of these forms which he had learned, and which he knew, that he built his representations... It is not only his knowledge of forms and shapes that the artist embodies in his picture but also his knowledge of their significance" (38). As I considered what to make for my thesis, I eventually realized that my most significant object was right in front of me. The tiny toy train on my desk was the representation I wanted to reproduce to hold a place for my son. By allowing the form of the train to stand in for the pottery I previously made, I used the train to represent the idea of memory, loss, and the accumulation of time in my life and to show the significance of the object.

The train is representative of my son while the multiples represent the accumulation of my days without seeing him. In replicating the toy train, I want to connect with the viewer through their own memories and nostalgia of childhood toys. My son's favorite toy train was Thomas the Tank Engine. Using a wooden train toy, I slip cast one train for every week we have been apart. Every Monday that falls in the installation of the trains has the train engine in its position. As the idea evolved, I added a wooden container train into the pattern to separate the weeks. There are six of the container train cars to symbolize the rest of the days of the week: Tuesday through Sunday. I lined the trains up in order according to the days of the week, like a long train carrying cargo across the country.

In the piece *735 Days and Counting*, each cast train is individualized to represent one day in 735 days. Some have cracks, tears, and gaping holes where you can see through or into them. Each imperfection is meant to symbolize that in dealing with the reality that some days have been better than others. The trains are cast out of clay. When fired, clay is static and unchanging, so there are no moving parts on these once mobile objects. They are immobile,

frozen in time, and continue to accumulate as days pass like trains in a retired train yard. Each train is slightly over-fired to allow the material to strain and stretch farther than it normally would. Additionally, they are fired bare, with no glaze or coating. Switching to an object (the train) to hold this truth about my son, it seemed a disservice to then cover it up. There is an honesty and rawness to bare clay that I equate to a bone or shell. Like a home that has been left behind, the empty shell lends itself to the idea that there exists a story of a past inhabitant, an untold narrative ready to be revealed. The cleanliness of the clay body allows for preservation, preciousness, and intimacy. Along with the size (each are only 1"x2"x3") these characteristics provide a personal narrative that can be implicated through their individual imperfections of struggle, loss, and memory.

The trains are displayed along a large glass-top pedestal with one dramatic light shining down onto the center of the piece. The base, measuring over 9 feet long, 5 feet wide, and 4 inches tall, covers the floor around the pedestal. Centered on the base are two parallel walls, 36 inches high and 8 feet long, topped with two ¼ inch thick sheets of glass, which make up the pedestal. This larger-than-life pedestal is reminiscent of a monument or shrine. The soft light radiating down from above gently illuminates the trains while casting shadows onto the base below. The shadows fall in multiple directions, resting on the horizontal base, as well as on both vertical walls. There is a tunnel between the base and the glass where the trains rest that serves to dramatize the space between the trains and the shadows. The trains represent reality while the shadows and the tunnel space represent memory. This is the only piece in the main gallery room. Its solitary standing in the large, dim room emits a somber and sentimental feeling.

To define the literal space between my son and myself I counted the physical space that separates us. We are 333 miles apart from my door to his. To make my task more manageable, I

translated miles to feet and converted 333 feet into 3,996 inches. I began casting three shapes and forms of the standard toy track with the same slip casting material I used to make the trains. This direct correlation between the objects and what they represent— days into trains and miles into track—is important for several reasons. The train and the train track can each exist without each other, but they cannot fulfill their functions without the other; a train cannot traverse land without the track to move it along and the track cannot serve its job as a conduit without the train to glide across it.

*333 Miles to Feet* is a mass of 333 feet of cast toy train track. Displayed on a 5 foot by 5-foot square pedestal in the front room of the gallery, it is lit with one light to highlight small details and throw dramatic shadows down onto the track. The track forms a threshold in the center of the room that I can walk around, but not across and, unlike the trains, the number does not change as long as we both stay in the same place. For now, the miles are stagnant.

The pieces of cast toy train track look just like the real toy track. They are fired and treated in the same manner as the trains, but without the cracks and tears that the trains possess. They look as if they might fit together like the original plastic version to form a circle around the room, but they cannot. In fact, the only part of the track that seems to have warped is the connectors themselves. This prevents the track from snapping together, therefore preventing the train from traveling its course. The broken path that cannot be crossed and the pile of toys that are not actually meant for play are central themes to this piece. *333 Miles Apart* holds the mileage in a heap of cast shards.

The last pieces in my show are the wall silhouettes also that hang in the smaller room on either side of the train track. Using these cast picture frames, I cut out silhouettes of my son's face to make layered impressions in the clay. Rotating between the images of my son and the

negative space behind these images, I allow the clay to both recede and protrude in different instances. This varying depth encourages a dialogue to play out with the viewer about absence and presence. His silhouette speaks about what is or is not there, what I did or did not miss. There are five frames total in the room: two on one wall and three on the opposite wall with the train tracks lying in between. My decision to separate the frames is based on my narrative. The three on one wall symbolize the three years we were together and two on the opposite wall symbolize the two years we have now been apart.

Seeing my idea three dimensionally as holding this physical space, both the space in mileage as well as this space in time, I started physically seeing the space in between. I chose the word liminality as the best way to verbalize my own space in between. In the field of anthropology, liminality is defined as a rite of passage that one must go through. It is often used within other cultures to put into context an adolescent becoming an adult (Bigger 209). The *Encyclopedia of Postmodernism* defines liminality as “the state of being betwixt or between, derived from the Latin word *limen* or ‘threshold.’ “The term has been used primarily by anthropologist Arnold Van Gennep and his contemporary, Victor Turner, to describe the nebulous social and spiritual location of persons in ritual rites of passage. Their work has focused on the sites of betrothal, adolescence and other nebulous states of initiation in which an individual’s status of kinship or influence in the community is undecidable” (*liminality*). While I am no longer an adolescent and my liminality is not culturally based the latter of the description from postmodern theory is more fitting. “The concept of liminality does not necessarily indicate an occupation of the “center” as in an equidistant or otherwise fixed position between extremes. Rather, liminality denotes an indeterminate existence between two or more spatial or temporal realms, states, or the condition of passing through them. A postmodern understanding of this

term rejects the privileging of any clearly definable center over a broader sense of middle ground with indistinct boundaries. A postmodern liminality, likewise, considers the process or passage equally important as the end result, or destination” (*liminality*). Therefore my use of the term *Liminal Space* is defining my space without knowing if I am in the middle or if there is an end in sight. My work, my ideas of loss, hope, memory, and the physical space that exists between these imagined and real thresholds in my life is verbalized and expressed with these two words.



### CHAPTER III

#### CONNECTIONS AND FINDINGS

The majority of work I do in my creative process is clay, but my influences for this thesis are not based on material. I was drawn to Christian Boltanski's work for his use of light and dramatic shadows. The sense of loss and empathy I feel when viewing images of his work relate to the shadows and light on my *735 Days and Counting*. Like many of Boltanski's audiences, I made up stories about the images he uses in his installations. The old photographs feel haunting and real. I wanted to relate to what I saw in *Monument 1986* because this piece in particular carries a heavy idea of remembrance for me. There is something there we shouldn't miss, but it seems that it is almost being celebrated. It is as if some part of each piece is a shrine, but we are unsure of its story; the long shadows with the light barely allowing us to see the detail of the photographs at the top almost celebrates sadness, but feels like there is some sort of commemoration.

My investigation of silhouettes led me to the work of Kara Walker. Her controversial drawings and installations are based on her experiences as a black woman growing up in the south and the history of slavery in the United States. Her drawings are considered both vulgar and beautifully honest at the same time.

What drew me to both these artists and what causes me to reference them now is the unique way they each use directed light and shadow to dramatize their invented narrative. Kara Unlike my thesis work, Walker and Christian Boltanski are not using personal narrative,

although they sometimes elude it. While Kara Walker references growing up in the south, she did not grow up in the time of slavery. Christian Boltanski implies a narrative with his found objects, but does not overtly state what these narratives are or where they come from. There is a sense of theater to what they each portray in their work that leaves the audience tugging at their heartstrings while questioning the motive and connection of these implied narratives.

The opposite of the spectrum to these artists is Felix Gonzalez-Torres. For everything Kara Walker and Christian Boltanski are implying with their images in history, Gonzalez-Torres is working from his personal reality:

While the individual materials of his work may lack much intrinsic aesthetic power, in juxtaposition and in the specificity of their placement (whether in a museum gallery or in some exterior, public site), Gonzalez-Torres' works become charged with intense emotion. Here, in particular, the artist unabashedly lays bare an expression of awesome solitude that may strike viewers alternately as sad or soothing. There is nothing obscure about this work: its appeal to the viewer is in terms of images and symbols that are rooted in the vernacular culture. For the two photographs in this exhibition, some of the possible associations that come to mind are sky/heaven, bird/individual, bird/angel, light/wisdom, lights/angels. (Rinder)

This description of Felix Gonzalez-Torres is definitively how I am drawn into his work. Through any media necessary, he brings honesty full of emotion that has a presence beyond the material. His use of light, shadow, installation, and even candy make his personal narrative come to life. The visual weight of his lost partner's mass is over whelming, and the removal of it from the space slowly as candy is taken from the pile is heart wrenching and real.

Jill Weinstock is a contemporary sculptor influenced by Gonzalez-Torres who brings to life memory through object. Her objects evoke an extreme sense of nostalgia through her use of children's toys, old cloths, and the forms she shapes these items into whether it is encasing them in bronze, rubber, or latex. What drew me to her work were the electroplated bronze toys such as her 2010 piece, *Airplane*. This piece in particular has a strong memory for me, being that it is a children's Fisher-Price Airplane that myself, my brother, and son pushed around the floor. What interests me is that she takes not only her own objects, uses the history of other people and presents them in a similar vein, to show the respect and implied knowledge of the history of the item. In describing her work she says, "My work has always been rooted in photography and that idea of freezing a moment or memory in time" (Berwick 64). This idea relates to my trains directly in that I am counting days and locking them permanently in clay for my memories.

Lastly, looking at the way in which Andy Warhol mass-produced his images of everyday objects as pop culture icons relates to the way I am creating. Trained as an illustrator in college, he began taking everyday items and mass-producing them as Pop art. This way of creating, along with his polaroid snap shops of his friends and acquaintances, both famous and not famous, relate to my idea recording time. Taking the tiny mass-produced object I have used and elevating it to have a greater meaning through material and repetition (from plastic to porcelain), has a direct connection with his Pop art prints and paintings of soup cans, brillo pad boxes, and Coca-Cola bottles. Warhol took commercialism and elevated its iconography through illustration.

There is a difference in why and how I am making versus why Warhol made what he made. Warhol believed he would be better if he were a machine and could mass-produce

identical works repeatedly because machines never have to slow down. I am exaggerating the fact that my objects are not machine made and carry my hand throughout with their manipulation. My material choice, clay, is based on the human touch and memory that leaves with in it, while his material choice was acrylic paint screen-printed on linen. Similarities do lie in the fact that I am recording memory, and later in his life that became important.

## CHAPTER IV

### PROCESS

My process for making the ceramic objects in *Liminal Space* is rooted in the history of clay. I am utilizing the more recent tradition of slip casting and the production industry. Mold making and casting multiple objects is an industry standard for everything from toilets to tableware. For this process I referenced Andrew Martin's book *The Essential Guide to Mold Making & Slip Casting* using his step-by-step descriptions in mold making to aid my efforts. I chose a midrange porcelain clay body that would fire to an off white color when pushed past the recommended firing temperature. By choosing a midrange body I could fire in programmable electric kilns, yielding faster and more accurate results.

Each piece presented in *Liminal Space* is created from a mold. Both the trains and the train track are slip cast, which is the process of pouring slip into a plaster mold, letting the plaster absorb some of the moisture for a set time (in this case it was 8 minutes) and then dumping the remaining unabsorbed slip back into the container. I would then let the molds sit for at least 45 minutes or up to 2 hours depending on how many times the mold had been previously used in that day. I could cast three full sets of trains in a day in each mold if needed. After the trains were removed from the mold I cleaned each one lightly with an exacto knife to remove the seam line around each train body. I would then lightly sponge off the extra finger marks and clay to make them more uniform. When sponging away the imperfections that were small I became more aware of large flaws. The trains that came out with large holes or tears were cast aside in a

damaged pile. As that pile grew it was more interesting and I began accentuating the damages on each one to make them more dramatic. I began to twist and bend them as they came out of the molds to exaggerate their differences. Once the trains were bone dry (bone dry is when all moisture has evaporated out of the clay) I loaded them into the electric kilns and fired them once to Cone 8, which is approximately 2280 degrees F. Since the clay body is midrange clay that matures at Cone 6 (2232 degrees F), this allowed the body to be slightly more strained and show more of its natural imperfections.

The tracks were created with a one-piece mold that was filled with the same casting slip as the trains and left to dry. It took almost two hours for each piece of track to dry in the mold. After this time, the track could be gently removed from the mold. Since this was only a one piece to the mold, there was no seam line to clean up. I could get them out of the molds and immediately dry them out. Because of their thin, compressed forms they were easy to handle after casting and easy to transport into the kiln. They were fired in the same manner as the trains, only once, and also to Cone 8.

The frames were cast from an oval metal picture frame. I made a one-piece plaster mold of the frame, similar to the train track. Unlike the trains and train tracks, the frames were made using a press mold. Press molding is the process of taking clay and pressing it into the plaster mold to assume the shape of the mold. Each piece was individualized, by first lying a stencil of my son's image down that was either a picture of him or the negative space around the picture. I used Cone 6 porcelain clay body similar to the slip casting body of the trains. I rolled slabs using a slab roller to make flattened sheets of clay that were ¼ inch thick and laid them into the mold on top of the stencils and then pressed the slabs into the forms. This allowed the form to quickly take the shape of the mold. Within an hour I could remove the piece from the mold and lay

another into the mold. The frames were bisque fired to Cone 04 which (1945 degrees F) and then glazed fired with a satin white glaze to Cone 6 (2232 degrees F).

The Cone 6 clay recipe I have been using for the frames is listed below, along with the glaze recipe that is on the frames, and the slip-casting body used for both the trains and the track.

VC Creamy White Throwing Body

Grolleg.....	20
Tile 6.....	20
EPK.....	15
Kona F-4.....	25
<u>Flint.....</u>	<u>10</u>
Total	100

Hensley/Polseno Cone 6 Slip

OM-4.....	25
EPK.....	18
Tile 6.....	5
Nepheline Syenite.....	35
Custer.....	9
Frit 3110.....	1
<u>Flint.....</u>	<u>7</u>
Total	100
Water	42
Sodium Silicate	0.25-0.5

Frank Martin Calcium Matte- Revised

Wollastonite.....	50.9
Kona F-4.....	21.8
EPK.....	13.2
Frit 3134.....	9.1
<u>Gerstley Borate.....</u>	<u>0.5</u>
Total	95.5

## CHAPTER V

### CONCLUSION

The work in my thesis exhibition titled *Liminal Space* still takes me by surprise. By allowing myself the freedom to express my idea in the form of objects rather than pottery has opened up an entire new avenue for my creative expression. Without the loss and frustration in my life, this body of work would never have existed and I may have never found the strength in my visual voice to explore my ideas in this way. As I opened myself up to the idea of going past the therapeutic investigation, I broadened the dialogue for both my audience and myself. This work is no longer just about or for me. I found through a universal object (in this case a children's toy train) there exists an implied visual narrative for the viewers to engage in their own dialogue. Each time I watched someone walk into the gallery they put their own experience into the work. I have transformed the gallery into a site of reflection. The work exists beyond myself, and my narrative.

Through the exposure of the raw clay I have found honesty in the material and myself I wasn't aware I was looking to find. The elements of exploring repetition of form and process are tools to be used in investigating new topics beyond my personal narrative. I look forward to transferring my conclusions of *Liminal Space* to new ideas.



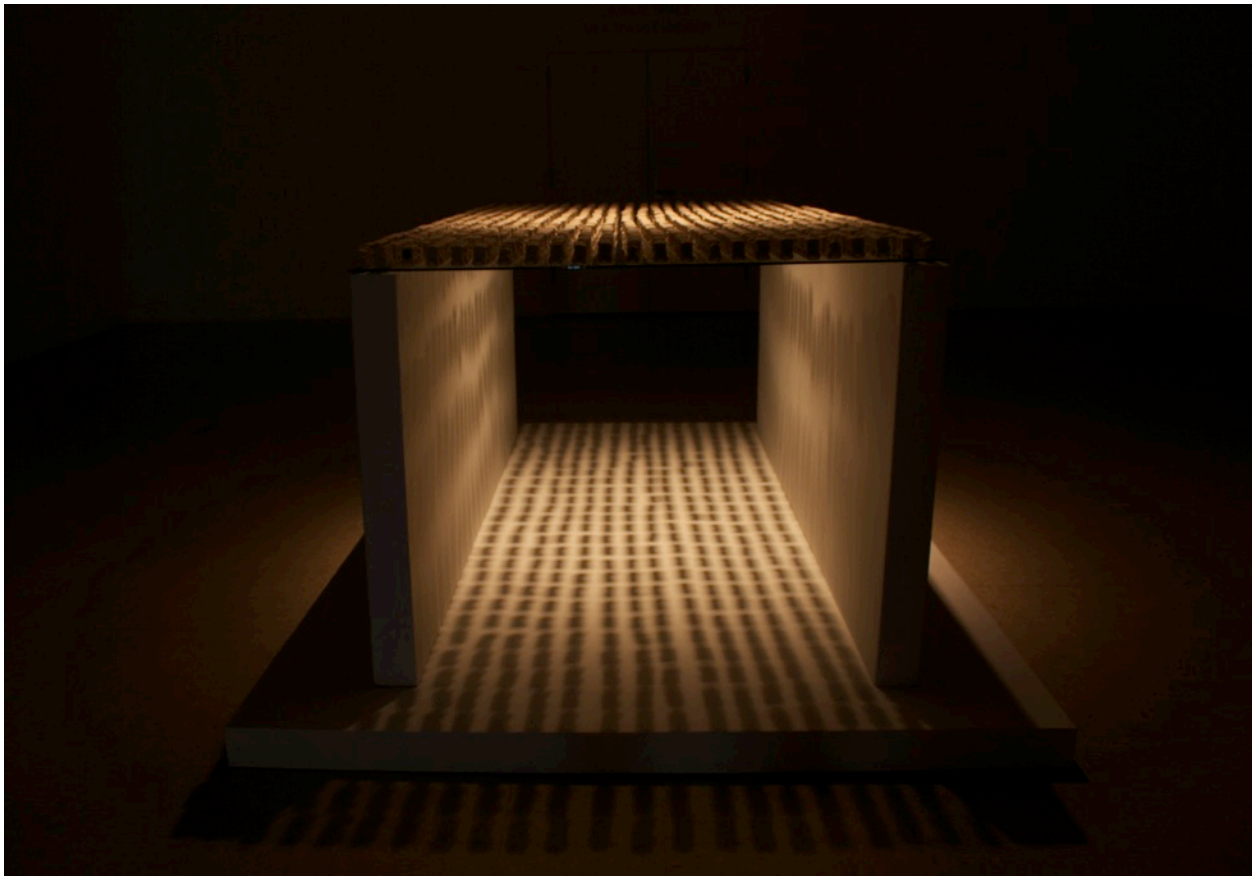
CHAPTER VI  
DESCRIPTIVE ANALYSIS

## FIGURE 1

### *735 Days and Counting*

*735 Days and Counting* is an accumulation of 735 slip cast porcelain trains lined up across a massive pedestal and is the only piece in the main gallery room. The pedestal is lit with one dramatic light to add to the drama of the work and provide a multitude of cast shadows along the base. Each train is fired only once, slightly past its recommended firing range, to strain the clay body. The base and walls are built from 2" x 4"'s and topped with luan, a thin light compressed wood and painted with Kilz white paint. The walls are topped with two pieces of ¼ inch thick glass.

FIGURE 1



*735 Days and Counting*

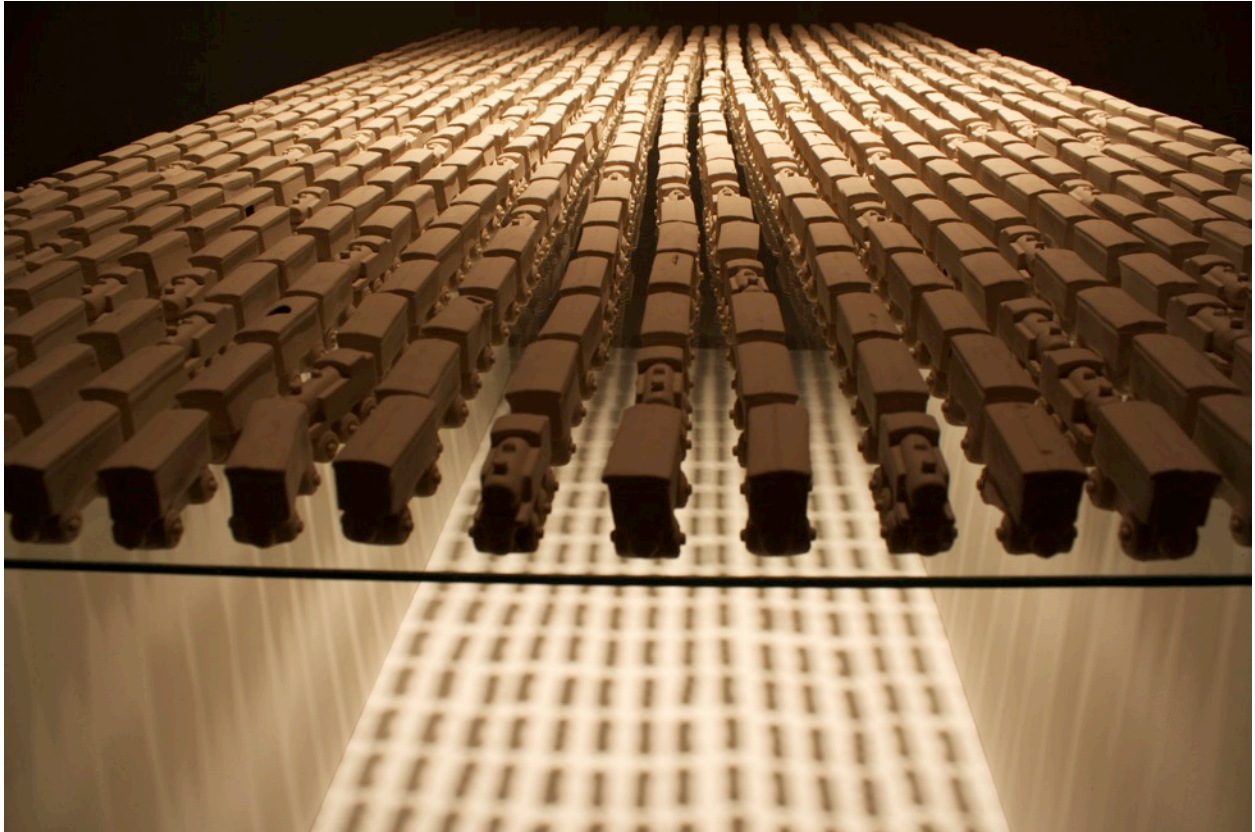
4" x 6' x 10'

## FIGURE 2

### Detail View of *735 Days and Counting*

Figure 2 is a detail view of *735 Days and Counting*. This image is looking down onto the trains aligned along the glass. It highlights the shadows cast along the base through the top of the glass.

FIGURE 2



Detail View 1 of *735 Days and Counting*

4" x 6' x 10'

### FIGURE 3

#### Detail View 2 of *735 Days and Counting*

Figure 3 is a second detail view of *735 Days and Counting*. This view is through the tunnel created between the walls and under the glass. From this view you can see the bottom of the trains and the shadows that are cast on the sidewalls and base from the light through the trains.

FIGURE 3



Detail View 2 of the *735 Days and Counting*

4" x 6' x 10'

FIGURE 4

*333 Miles Apart*

*333 Miles Apart* which is 3,996 inches of cast Thomas the Train toy train track. Each piece is slip cast porcelain that is once fired from a one-piece mold. The pieces are arranged in a pile, as if they were dumped out of a toy bag and then left indefinitely. The base pedestal is built from 8 two by four's and topped with ½ inch plywood and painted with Kilz white paint.



FIGURE 4



*333 Miles Apart*

4" x 5' x 5'

## FIGURE 5

### Detail of *333 Miles Apart*

Figure 5, a detail image of *333 Miles Apart*, highlights the detail found in the pile of cast track. This view you can see an example of the three shapes of tracks used to make up the pile.

FIGURE 5



Detail Image of 333 *Miles Apart*

## FIGURE 6

### *Memory Silhouettes*

*Memory Silhouettes* were created out of  $\frac{1}{4}$  thick rolled slabs and pressed into the frame mold with silhouetted images of my son. The work was bisque fired and then glazed and fired to cone 6 in an electric kiln.

FIGURE 6



*Memory Silhouettes*

12" x 15" each

## FIGURE 7

### *Memory Silhouettes*

*Memory Silhouettes* were created out of  $\frac{1}{4}$  thick rolled slabs and pressed into the frame mold with silhouetted images of my son. The work was bisque fired and then glazed and fired to cone 6 in an electric kiln.

FIGURE 7



*Memory Silhouettes*

12" x 15" each

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<<http://www.queerculturalcenter.org/Pages/FelixGT/FelixMatrx.html>>.

## VITA

Sara Beth Truman was born in Louisville, Kentucky in October of 1980. Sara was raised in Gilbertsville, Kentucky and grew up on Kentucky Lake. Sara graduated with honors from Marshall County High School in Benton, KY in the spring of 1999. She entered undergraduate school at Western Kentucky University in the fall of 1999. Sara took a scenic route through her undergraduate career, finally graduating from WKU in the spring of 2007 with a double Bachelor of Fine Arts in Painting and Ceramics. After spending a year working in her studio in Bowling Green, Kentucky, Sara went to University of Florida's Ceramics post-baccalaureate program to study with her clay hero, Linda Arbuckle. After a wonderful year in sunny central Florida, Sara went to University of Mississippi's graduate program for Ceramics. During this time, she has been juried into national ceramic shows including *8 Fluid Ounces* at Louisiana State University, juried by Kristen Keiffer, *Mug Shots* 2011 at the Lux Center for the Arts in Lincoln, Nebraska juried by Julia Galloway, and *Daily Companions* at Baltimore Clayworks in Baltimore, Maryland, juried by Linda Christianson. Sara was also a summer resident at Odyssey Center for Ceramic Arts in Asheville, North Carolina and has received summer scholarships from both Penland School of Arts and Crafts in Penland, North Carolina and from Arrowmont School of Arts and Crafts in Gatlinburg, Tennessee for the summer of 2012.